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"Fitting" supply of the customary sub-clothing that goes with it. To prevent your wedding journey from being a

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# THE WHEN

HUNDREDS ARE CURED BY THE SPECIFIC PERFECTLY HARMLESS. ACIE-HEAD

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Excursion TO CINCINNATI C. H. & D. R. R. \$3.30 Round Trip \$3.30

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## LOUISIANA'S HORROR

Twelve Hundred Persons Engulfed by Sunday's Tidal Wave.

Bayou Cook, and Grand Cheniere and Other Islands Almost Depopulated in the Twinkling of an Eye.

## TERRIBLE SCENES AT NIGHT

Houses Demolished in an Instant by the Storm-Tossed Sea.

And Their Occupants Either Mangled by the Falling Walls or Swept to Death in the Water.

## SAD STORIES BY SURVIVORS

Graphic Description of the Havoc by One Who Climbed a Tree.

Scores of Corpses Buried in Trenches in the Sand—A Scene of Ruin Near Mobile, Ala.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 4.—Never in the history of the gulf States has there been such a disaster as befell the islands of the Mississippi delta on Sunday night and Monday morning. Villages and towns have been obliterated and their inhabitants engulfed by a huge tidal wave. Grand and Cheniere islands were the worst sufferers. It is variously estimated that from two hundred to five hundred people perished on Bayou Cook and in that section of the country. The deaths at other points, all the way from Bayou Cook to Grand Island and Cheniere will swell the total to more than 1,200, according to the best information now obtainable. At Grand Bayou not less than twenty-six perished.

Destitution reigns in the stricken district, and the few stragglers who have found their way to points in communication with the city tell the tales of distress. The Picayune, this morning, at 3 o'clock, sent a relief boat to the stricken district. It will take a day and a half to reach there, as the route is through tortuous bayous and lakes. The following was received from the vessel this evening: "Between eight hundred and nine hundred lives were lost by the storm, which struck the district at 7 o'clock Sunday evening. It was a south wind, changing to east, and increased in velocity. Half an hour later it changed to north-northwest, and from this quarter it blew till 3 o'clock in the morning of Monday. It then calmed down for a short time. Captain Terrebonne, aided by several residents of the island, proceeded to help the unfortunate. He succeeded in saving sixty persons, all of whom he placed in a house on the island. When he saw a house about to drift he and his companions dragged the inmates from it. Twelve or fifteen persons sought safety in the house of Clement Bousgard. Between four hundred and five hundred persons, according to a rough estimate, have been saved out of a population of 1,200. The distress existing there is terrible. Those rescued have lost everything but life. They are sorely in need of water, food and clothing. One hundred and fifty dead bodies were found yesterday and buried. One hundred and fifty luggers have gone to the bottom, together with their crews. The number of skulls that capsized and sunk cannot be counted. The damage at Point a la Hache will exceed \$300,000."

## Over Two Thousand Perished.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 4.—The Republic's special from New Orleans, summarizing the results of the gulf storm, is as follows: Over two thousand killed and nearly 5,000,000 of property annihilated is the record of the great gulf storm in Louisiana. There has never been anything approximating it since the country was settled. More than half the population in the region over which the hurricane swept is dead. Everything is wrecked, and not a house is left standing, while the survivors are left in the most destitute condition, without food or even clothing, for most of them were sleeping in their beds when their homes were crushed by the wind or waves. There have been several similar disasters on the coast. At Lost Island, where 286 people lost their lives, and at Johnston's bayou the loss numbered 220 six years ago, but Monday's disaster far surpassed these in horror. The weak and injured were all killed, and in the settlements where the storm was worst not a child survived, and very few women. The survivors are the young men in the vigor of manhood. Not one of them but has a terrible story to tell; not one but is badly bruised and injured. They escaped mainly on rafts or logs, floating for twenty to thirty miles in the water, with the wind at 115 miles an hour. The deaths so far as reported and which are confirmed aggregate over two thousand. At the time of the storm 120 fishing vessels were in the gulf fishing. Not a word has been heard from them or their occupants. Along the Mississippi the loss of life was to some extent due to falling buildings. In the bay it was caused wholly by drowning.

## FRIGHTFUL SCENES.

Stories Told by Survivors of the Tidal Wave and Storm. NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 4.—The stories told by survivors and others are heart-rending, and show that the loss of lives has been enormous. Matthew Erbes and Dominick Mirgovich, two sailors, were rescued by a lugger. The story they tell of the disaster at Grand Isle is horrifying in the extreme. They went almost wild in giving a description of their terrible experience and cried bitterly. The sea was raging all day, they said, and towards night had increased to an alarming degree. About 10 o'clock at night it had shifted to the west. The men were watching the storm from the west end of the island. Far out at sea, as the flashes of lightning would vividly illuminate the darkness, could be seen a mammoth wave traveling with awful rapidity towards the island. It was accompanied by a thunderous noise. On came the terrible thing, growing larger each moment. The island was in a shivering of slumber, and not a single human being could be seen anywhere. These men, being too frightened to go to their homes, remained in their boat during the terrible night. Horrified, they watched the tidal wave approach the island, until, like a flash of lightning, it struck. Then all was darkness, and the island, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with water. The next flash found the two men floating far off to the south of the island. Looking about, they could see nothing but a sheet of water, the island having totally disappeared.

Mr. Matthew Schurb, of Goulsboro, just opposite the city, was one of the survivors of the Cheniere Carminada calamity. He arrived this morning on the schooner Good Mother, and brought with him a harrowing tale of his experience and of the loss of life at Cheniere. Mr. Schurb went to the island about four weeks ago with Mr. George Thompson and a negro bricklayer named Louis Roberts for the purpose of constructing a schoolhouse. He engaged board in a house in which there was a very large family, not less than twenty-five in all. The house was a rude affair of boards, but it had withstood many gales, and the occupants of it felt reasonably safe from storms. It turned out to be the death place of probably twenty-five people. Mr. Schurb, on Sunday night, had an experience severe enough to turn a man's hair gray, and when he reached the city this morning he showed the results of the peril he had been through. He was almost naked; what clothes he had on were torn to shreds. His face was bruised and he had not yet recovered from the excitement he had undergone and the frightful scenes of death he had witnessed. Mr. Schurb estimates that the loss of life will reach eight hundred to one thousand. When he left Cheniere island yesterday he counted but five houses standing out of a total of about three hundred, while the land was covered with corpses.

## A NIGHT ON A TREE.

As the wind increased in severity the houses began to go to pieces. The wind picked the roofs off as though they had been shaved from the rafters with a huge carving knife. Then the buildings began to rock violently, and one by one they were torn to pieces, crashing down upon and killing their occupants, and then rapidly drifting away with the terrible current that was sweeping across the land. The shrieks and groans of the unfortunate people were heard as they were buried under the ruins of their fragile homes. Mr. Schurb, Mr. Thompson and a negro bricklayer were in the house mentioned above. Fully twenty-five people were huddled together and terror-stricken at the mighty agony of the elements. Suddenly there was a fearful crash of timbers, and the roof caved in, burying nearly every one of the party, only Mr. Schurb and the negro bricklayer escaped. Mr. Schurb clung to a floating debris, until he saw a light twinkling in a house not far away. He went to the house, and was admitted. There were several people in it. Mr. Schurb had hardly entered, however, when the structure went to pieces, and out of those who were in the house only Mr. Schurb, a woman and a child escaped. Mr. Schurb succeeded in getting the woman and child up a tree, and there the party stayed until 4 o'clock in the morning, when the wind began to abate. The negro managed to reach the pole to which the fishing smacks are usually tied, and clung to it during the whole of the awful night, finally being rescued. Mr. Thompson, who lived at Harvey's canal, was lost sight of, and he was probably drowned.

Mr. Schurb is certain that not less than one hundred to a thousand persons perished in this awful cyclone and tidal wave. He says the night was harrowing. The wind howled, cabins crashed and the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying made one's blood curdle. While he remained in the tree three waves washed over the house, were mountain high, but he and the woman and child clung tenaciously to the limbs for support and saved themselves from being washed away. The wind was highest about midnight and continued for a couple of hours. Then it began to abate in severity until 4 o'clock, when it was blowing with only moderate velocity, finally dying out to a light breeze. While the wind was highest, the rain fell in torrents, and beat with the force of halibut into the faces of the unfortunate who clung to trees, posts and other debris. When the wind died out the waves began to decrease in size and the water that had swept over the land commenced to run back again into the gulf. When daylight broke the picture of desolation was awful. Only here and there stood a house, everywhere there were merely foundations to mark where homes stood. Trees lay prostrate upon the land. Timber was lodged in piles in indiscriminate confusion, where it had been thrust by the mighty rush of waters. Ruined chimneys suggested stories of stricken hearths. Furniture, bedding, household goods, and all kinds of household articles were scattered about in promiscuous confusion. And here, there and everywhere were the ghastly faces of corpses turned upward to the skies, now bright and beautiful, and bearing no trace of the awful perils of the night. Upon many of the dead were still evidences of the terrible agony they had undergone. Some had their faces frozen in the agony of the end. Some had suffered before the end came. Some had lost their lives in the wreck of their homes and some had been crushed from escape from the shells which could not shelter them from the blasts of the frightful gale. Many of the dead were women and children. The night, a horrible scene, and nothing to quench their thirst and no medical assistance at hand, had given up the struggle. There were broken arms and broken legs, bruised and battered bodies, and a mass of debris of all human form. Many a pile of debris was the temporary grave of a family.

## THE GOOD PRIEST SAVED.

The good priest who looked after the spiritual welfare of the islanders was among those saved, but he likewise had an awful experience. The little church was a frame structure, and had stood for several years. A simple wooden cross adorned its top. A pretty little thatched cottage nestled by the side of the sacred edifice. When the hurricane struck the island it swept the church out of its foundations and dumped it into the water. The priest and his housekeeper escaped with their lives. The fate of Dr. Frey and his family is unknown, but Mr. Schurb says they were engaged at Cheniere, and that the entire family have perished. Miss Annie Douglas, of New Orleans, had been engaged at Cheniere, and she was well known in this city, and was highly esteemed at the island. She was married, and had a young son. It seems to know, but she must have had a terrible experience. On Monday morning her body was found among the wreckage.

She was quite dead, and her remains were buried near where she had met her sudden death.

As stated before, the picture was a terrible one. Monday, there were scores of bodies lying around and already beginning to show signs of decomposition. The circumstances, for the safety of the rest of the colony, it became necessary to take prompt steps to bury those who had lost their lives. There were still many people who were alive and abandoned, and they were immediately organized for the work of duty and charity. There was no time to build coffins. If there had been time there were no tools with which to construct them. No boards that could be nailed together, no receptacles for the bodies lying everywhere. So the men merely dug up shovels and commenced the task of digging trenches for the remains. Up to 12 o'clock Mr. Schurb assisted in the gruesome task, and during that time he participated in the interment of no less than fifty men, women and children. Into one grave Mr. Schurb assisted in placing not less than six people. There was little time for the ceremonies usual upon the burial of a human being.

## LOSS AT BAYOU COOK.

There is to-day only sadness in the news from Bayou Cook and the various settlements that are tributary thereto. There has been a frightful loss of life throughout that section. There will never be any correctly estimating the exact loss which humanity has suffered. Many of the bodies have been carried into the marshes and will never be found. The bodies of the dead were scattered about. An arriving passenger, this morning, said that not fewer than eighty-seven dead bodies were seen along the route. He said he had witnessed harrowing scenes throughout the Bayou Cook country, and the distress is appalling. The trains that arrived this morning brought many of the Bayou Cook survivors to the city, many of them wretchedly attired and their faces bearing the marks of fear and exhaustion. There were men, women and children in the party, and they were met at the depot by fellow-countrymen and friends. The bodies of the dead were scattered about. An arriving passenger, this morning, said that not fewer than eighty-seven dead bodies were seen along the route. He said he had witnessed harrowing scenes throughout the Bayou Cook country, and the distress is appalling. The trains that arrived this morning brought many of the Bayou Cook survivors to the city, many of them wretchedly attired and their faces bearing the marks of fear and exhaustion. There were men, women and children in the party, and they were met at the depot by fellow-countrymen and friends.

## REPUBLICAN GATHERINGS.

### Meeting in Every Precinct—Denny Talks Straight from the Shoulder.

The time has now come when the active work of the Republican city committee is beginning to assume tangible shape, and the outlook for Republican victory at the polls on next Tuesday is highly flattering. The committee started into the work with the view that perfect organization of forces in every precinct in the city was necessary, and the first step in this line was the decision to hold precinct primaries and elect precinct committeemen, thus bringing home the responsibility for the outcome to a greater number of persons. The next step was the preparation of a plan of campaign, which should require active work from each of the committeemen, and the plan of campaign which has been adopted was conceived with this point in view. There have been frequent meetings of the general city committee, and they have all been well attended; in fact, there has never been more than a dozen absent from any one of these meetings. The last meeting of the general committee was held a few days ago, and at that time arrangements were made for the distribution of the block poll books. The distribution of the block poll books has been completed, and the hands of the precinct committeemen. Meetings were held in every precinct to get these books into the hands of their custodians. In every precinct these meetings were well attended, and a number of instances, after the business for which they had been called was transacted, the meetings were turned into a sort of love feast, and speeches made by those present. In some instances several precincts consolidated. This was the case in precincts 62, 63, 64 and 104. They held a joint meeting at George Burton's cooper shop, which was attended by about one hundred and fifty voters from these precincts. Speeches were made by several Republicans, and the meeting was a success. The Mayor's speech was particularly notable, and to the point. He repeated what he had said on all former occasions upon the question of public improvements, and said that were he elected the public improvements would be carried out as rapidly as was conducive to the public good. He also spoke of a phase of the campaign which his opponent never touches in his speeches. He said that the assertion that it was impossible to close the gambling rooms if it was desired to close every known gambling room in the city within twenty-four hours if he desired to do so, and if he did not do it the people were justified in believing that it was because he did not wish them closed. The organization which has been effected by the Republican committee means that on election day there will be over one thousand Republicans serving without compensation, actively engaged in getting out the vote. This is exclusive of those employed as challengers, poll book holders, etc. With this number of men, whose duty it is to see that every Republican in the city casts a ballot on next Tuesday, the committee is confident of victory.

## THAT SCHEME OF FRAUD.

### Democratic Consternation at Its Exposure—More Evidence.

The Journal was the recipient of many slanderous remarks from Democrats re-

## THE "GAMS" HUSTLING

Making Desperate Efforts to Pull the Little Mayor Through.

Tightening Up the Combination of Those Who Thrive Upon the Vice and Weakness of the City.

## MORE OF DEMOCRATIC FRAUD

Republican Precinct Meetings All Over Town Last Night.

Cadi Hissed at Fountain Square—Police-men in Politics—Election Sheriffs' Certificates.

"Bill" Tron, the Sullivan boss, feebly denies that he is keeping his gambling house wide open, but it was running on Sunday, and several young men lost money in the place. All the smaller crap games, that is, those which derive their patronage from workmen, are running and the reports of losses are beginning to come in. The Democratic committee has put up money for several men who have lost money in the dives, and, becoming desperate, threaten to make a general howl. Slim Coy's game has been closed so that the proprietors and cappers might get out and hustle. The games over the Drum saloon on the Circle are still in full blast and the craps dives on South West street are still extorting money from the poor families in that part of the city. Very few of the houses that closed when Tron had his "presentiment" remain closed. T. Pinkerton Taggart ran out of money last Saturday night, so lavish has the booting been this campaign by the Democratic committee, and another blackmail was leveled on the gamblers and saloon keepers by force and his gang. This last levy has been an unusually heavy one, as the Democratic situation is desperate. A committee of the gamblers' trust has been making the rounds of a number of prominent lively stables, soliciting funds and votes. The lively men are told that their night business will be practically ruined if the gambling houses are not allowed to remain open, and that the will surely be closed if Denny is elected Mayor. In all cases where a man refuses to vote for Sullivan the gamblers make a strenuous effort to have him vote for Buskirk, because they realize that even if Denny is elected and Buskirk continues on the bench, the demagogue Cadi can protect them in a measure when the police bring the gamblers into his court. The gamblers go in groups when they hear of a changeable man who is anxious to get his will vote for Denny. They try the bulldozing scheme first, offering to bet on Sullivan at any odds. If this does not succeed they threaten to boycott the changeable man's business. Said a prominent down-town restaurant man yesterday: "I was approached by several of the gamblers to-day, and they told me it was my interest to vote for Sullivan and Buskirk. I said that the wide-open gambling houses might continue. The restaurant man said that the houses kept men down town late and made them patronize the restaurants for midnight lunches, also that the gamblers were good 'spenders' in restaurants. They wanted me to be sure to have my colored cook and several of the waiters vote the Democratic ticket, offering to put up any money that might be necessary to get my help in the streets. I told that gang that I would close up my restaurant before I would truckle to any crowd such as they are. I intended to vote for Sullivan, but I will not do a matter a little bit now. I have always voted the Democratic ticket, although under no circumstances would I vote for a disgraced official as Buskirk."

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